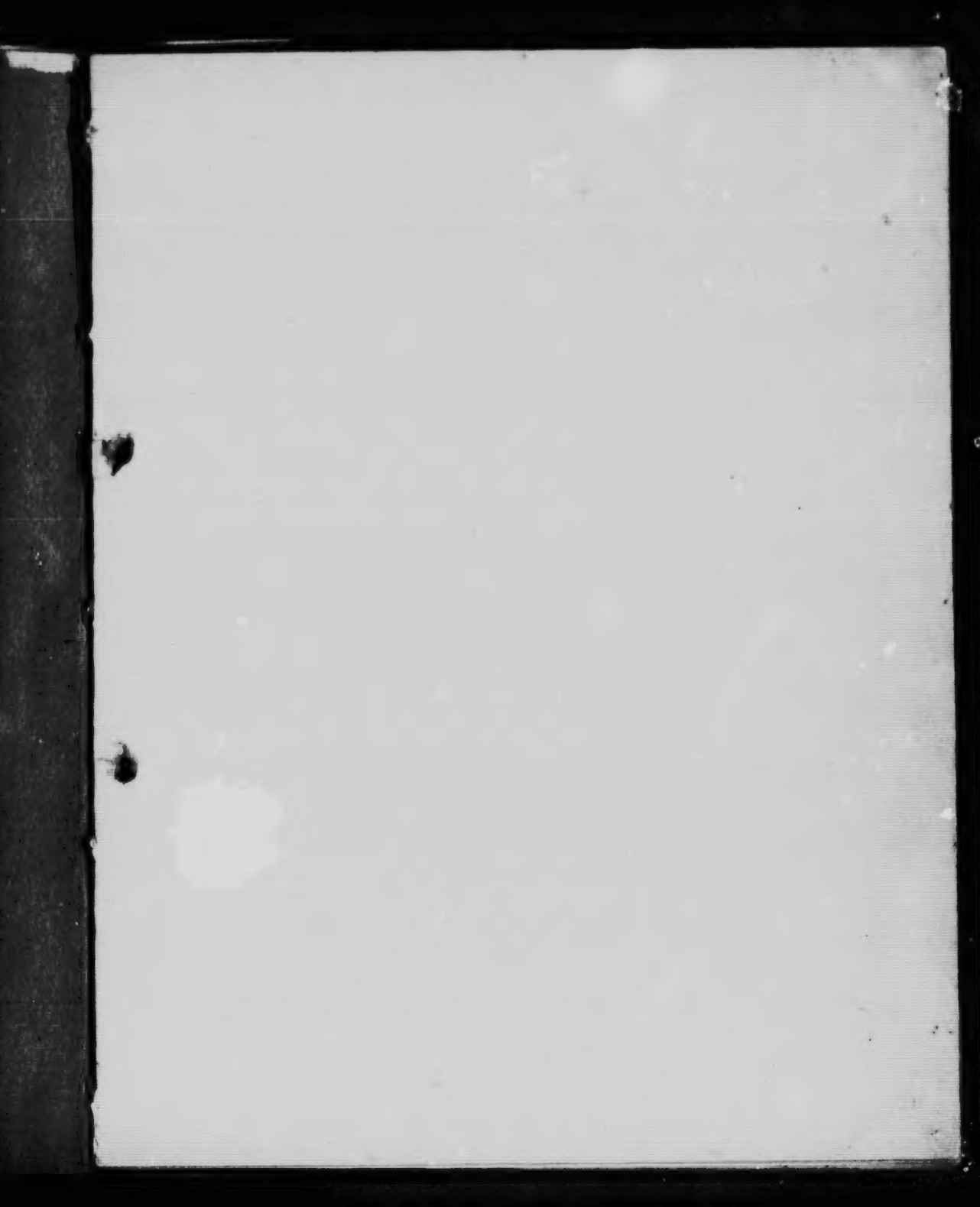




wooded Summit looking high



WOOD**ED** summits tow'ring high,
Seem to kiss the Summer sky ;
Eastward lies the lake at rest,
Sleeps the city 'neath yon crest :
Cloudlets soaring heaven-bound,
Seem to fondly linger round,
Bright Hilly Ancaster.

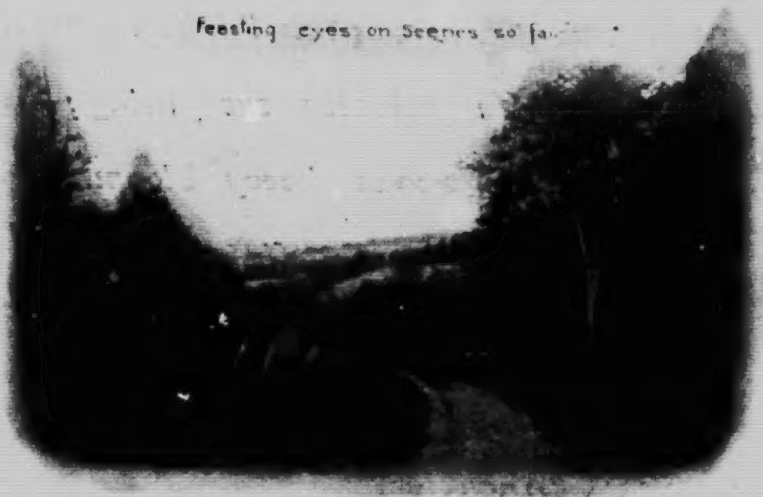
35 Oak and Maple branching wide



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*I N the gentle vernal Spring,
When life pulsates everything;
Bursts the dogwoods fleecy bloom,
Driving off chill Winter's gloom.
Oak and Maple branching wide,
Umbrageous dot the countryside
In Leafy Ancaster.*

Feasting eyes on Scenes so fair.



*MEN from many a clime and strand,
Wandering o'er this pleasant land;
Drinking in her fresh pure air,
Feasting eyes on scenes so fair.
Testify no other place
Serenest smiles on Nature's face
Than Sunny Ancaster.*

Went their way thro every vale



BREEZES sigh amid her trees,
Soft *Æolian* melodies ;
Gently winding limpid streams,
Such as cool in fev'rish dreams,
Wend their way thro' every vale,
Intercepting hill and dale
In Charming Ancaster.

of her murmuring waterfalls



*TELL me! winds as thro' her trees,
Whisper sweet your harmonies;
Tell me! distant silv'ry calls
Of her murmuring waterfalls.
Surely spirit things are ye!
Placed here by some deity!
In Fairy Ancaster.*

Scenes that fancy fondly weaves



*ON the mirror of my mind,
Absent do I hourly find,
'Mid her verdant hills and leaves,
Scenes that fancy fondly weaves;
All that memory doth revere,
Seems to meet and centre here
In Lovely Ancaster.*

THE RIVIERA, FRANCE.

Xmas, 1911.

T. D. J. F.

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"All that memory doth reverse"



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